Faire *Ladaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;
And so she shall: *Lucentio* shall make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speede alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.
Luc. Giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade.
Petr. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer see *Baptistas* daughter?
Tra. No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beautious modestie.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.
Petr. Sir vnderstand you this of me (insooth)
The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all accesse of tutors
And will not promise her to any man,
Vntill the elder sister first be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.
Tranio. If it be so sir, that you are the man
Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke,
Atchieue the elder, set the yonger free,
For our accesse, whose hap shall be to haue her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you say wel, and well you do conceiue,
And since you do professe to be a suitor,
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tranio. Sir, I shall not be slacke, in signe whereof,
Please ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carouses to our Mistresse health,
And do as aduersaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.
Gru. Bion. Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.
Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your *Ben venuto*. *Exeunt.*

Enter.

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your selfe,
To make a bondmaide and a slaue of mee,
That I disdaine: but for these other goods,
Vnbind my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
Yea all my rayment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will commaund me, will I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.
Kate. Of all thy suters heere I charge tell
Whom thou lou'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bianca. Beleeue me sister, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
Kate. Minion thou lyest: It's not *Hortensio*?
Bian. If thou affect him sister, heere I sweare
Ile plead for you my selfe, but you shall haue him.
Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more.
You will haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.
Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me so?
Nay then you iest, and now I well perceiue
You haue but iested with me all this while:
I prethee sister Kate vnite my hands.
Ka. If that be iest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence?
Bianca. Stand aside, poore Gyrle she weepes:
Go ply the needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou hilding of a diuellish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ner wrong thee?
When did shee crosse thee with a bitter word?
Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.
Flies after Bianca.
Bap. What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*
Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, lead Apes in hell.

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